

# SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

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No. 23.]

*Boston, Saturday, April 21, 1810.*

[VOL. I.]

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## COMMUNICATION.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

PERMIT me through this medium to express to you my ideas upon life, of which you appear to think I have taken too cold a view. The pomp and glare of fashion, I have beheld through the mirror that shows their general, not minute defects ; and cannot but perceive, that whilst every hour brings us nearer the grave, we conduct as though this scene of folly was perpetual. Each eager in the pursuit of some trifle, borne on by the tide of fashion, or the whim of the moment, with but too little consideration for the purposes of our being, we nearly shut out the prospects of eternity, in our avidity to seize and cling to the transient scenes of this finite condition of our existence.

As calm spectators of the actions and movements of others, we can very ingeniously moralize upon them, and wonder at the infatuation which supports and governs their lives ; but when the scene is reversed, and *we* become the actors, led on by some whim, perhaps more mad, we cast away the true mirror, for one that portrays to us the artificial glare of the moment, and rush on, leaving others in their turn to comment, and wonder ; until their evil genius assists them in the same course of action. So life forms a continual chase ; that in which we are in pursuit a mere bauble to gull us of our duty ; consequently, our observations upon life must lead us perpetually to a conviction, as the celebrated Grattan expresses it, " of our immeasurable inanity." In the moment of reflection, as we look around the world, we are induced and willing to retire within ourselves, struck with the period that is literally wasted in pursuits that leave no trace of their utility, but the conviction of their unworthiness. One seeking in the parade of ostentation the mere bubbles that float on the surface of life, raised by the commotions of folly and vanity, the deluded being would seize them as they move with the current, to fill up by their fancied consideration the

measure of his existence, when their airy nothingness sinks to his view. He still continues to fly from one illusion to another, until the king of terrors stops his career; whilst the more nobly gifted perceives the infatuation in which he has existed, and casting it from him, awakes to *nature and to reason*. Upon the recovery of himself, he starts amazed as from a confused dream; even his brief perseverance in delusion, excites his wonder, and resting the decision to the voice of wisdom, she replies, *such is the infatuation of youth and folly*.

Another, the object of an admiring world, familiar with the voice and look of applause, until his poisoned mind feeds upon it even to satiety, though originally gifted with the energies to reject its ill effects, yet giving himself up to all the delusions of sense, created by its noxious breath. Selected from obscurity, as the apparent favourite of heaven, his mind is buoyed up by the exulting confidence, and braves its attendant dangers unassisted by the principle which would show him its fallacy. Reason in vain warns him to strip off the gawdy trappings with which his imbecility has permitted his sycophants to array him, to assert his native superiority—to be himself: the spirit is willing, but alas, the flesh is weak. Dazzled by the sunshine of popular favour, he grasps at every object calculated to feed his folly, without reflecting that the applause which blazons to-day, to-morrow may be extinguished by the same breath which lighted it; that that applause can alone endure which is sanctioned in heaven by a life of active virtue and wisdom; where the sun perpetually rises and sets with proof of its justice. He pursues his vain career, until his claim to the plaudits which seduced him from himself, are lost in his created deformities, and he is suffered unheeded and unlamented, gradually to sink into oblivion. His light which once dazzled by its brilliancy, is “hardly felt as it descends;” it seems indeed extinguished, ere it had reached its meridian. Thus also, the vacant beauty arrayed in the charms and allurements of youth, exhausts her useless life in pursuits that debase the dignity of human nature, and counteract the great purposes of her being; existing on the vanity which overwhelms and engrosses the powers of her mind, and attaches her merely to mortality, she inhales a noxious vapour that annoys even where it cannot destroy. Suffering herself to set too high a value on the applause of those shallow, irregular set of beings, who wish to level her to their own ideas of happiness, she becomes alike insensible and undeserving of that approbation by which alone we should exist; when by rejecting the conduct produced by her weakness, she would learn more highly to appreciate herself in the address that naturally follows *self respect*; whose influence is reflected



upon even the meanest object ; instead of which, her youth is spent in levity and trifling, until time rifles her of its charms ; in vain then art resorted to, in order to lend harmony to her vacant tones, which the bloom of youth had given them. Her pretty folly has lost its attractions, as the gloss which mantled it, has decayed, and left it naked to the view ; nothing then remains to attract the idle gaze, for which has been sacrificed all that would have taught her to have despised and shrunk from it ; and ensured a pleasing descent to her declining years, instead of being annoyed by the fragments of her former glory : she discovers too late, that a youth of folly is an age of pain. Vice too runs its dark career, leaving nearly at every step the hideous impression of its deformity ; whose dire effects may be traced even remotely, in misery of various descriptions—"forms a thousand ills, ten thousand ways."

But you will say, why show the shades without the lights of the portrait ? they must be contrasted, in order to form the beautiful—true, and had I not already extended my letter too far, I would present you with a nobler picture of human nature, in the same light in which I have beheld it ; that of virtue, talents, and beauty, struggling with adversity, and elevated to the pinnacle of worldly glory, alike undisturbed by the dark obscurity of the one, and the dazzling splendours of the other. Time has no power to efface the impression of a fine countenance, animated by genius and virtue, stamped in the warmth of its effusions with all that can arrest, charm and fix the attention ; it claims all we are capable of bestowing of approbation and applause. Such a being is elevated above *common* conception, breathing instructions that strike to conviction the superiority of intellect over all sublunary possessions. Much could I add upon the subject, but that the length of my letter extended much further than I intended, warns me to desist. Presuming you will here trace me without difficulty, I rest satisfied with subscribing myself,

A FRIEND.

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#### THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

A POEM.

WHEN Fancy, from the azure skies,  
On earth came down, before unseen,  
She bade the wond'rous structure rise,  
And haply chose the sylvan scene.

The graces too, with sprightly air,  
Assisted in the work divine,  
The arch they form'd with nicest care,  
And made the murmuring stream incline.

Then Fancy, from the pile above,  
 Would gaze with rapture bending o'er,  
 And charm'd behold the streamlet rove,  
 While Echo mock'd its feeble roar.

And here, perhaps, the Indian stood,  
 With uplift-hands and eye amaz'd,  
 As sudden from the devious wood,  
 He first upon the fabric gaz'd !

See Tadmor's domes and halls of state,  
 In undistinguish'd ruin lie ;  
 See Rome's proud empire yield to fate,  
 And claim the mournful pilgrim's sigh.

But whilst relentless Time impairs  
 The monuments of crumbling art,  
 This pile unfading beauty wears,  
 Eternal in its every part !

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VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY SINGING.

Oh sweet is thy voice when with tremulous tone,  
 Its vibrating accents in melody rise,  
 When angels in heaven, entranc'd on their throne,  
 Look down at thee singing with sympathy's eyes.

Oh say, beauteous lady, where learnt you that song  
 Which floats in soft murmurs and dies on the gale ?  
 To a seraph such warbling can only belong,  
 Imparted by Pity with suffering pale.

Thy mellow notes hush ! Oh that cadence forbear,  
 Or else by the blush of thy bosom and cheek,  
 Thou wilt wake from my harp the sad lay of despair,  
 And force me the vigils of sorrow to keep.

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NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR,—Not wishing to have you troubled too often with the penny-post,  
 I have taken the liberty to press upon you a sheet full of *effusions*, which  
 you may dispose of as you please, individually, collectively, or destroy-  
 ingly.

Yours, M. T.



*To a Young Lady who asked the Author if he was not in love with (a miniature of) her Grandmother, suspended from the neck.*

You ask if love's deceiving wiles,  
Proceed not from those pleasant smiles,  
Suspended from your breast,  
If in the portrait there is nought  
That throbs my heart,—delights my thought,  
And—you must guess the rest.

I own, sweet Fair, attractions art  
Sits on the picture,—speaks the heart  
The Matron once possest ;  
The eyes partake of thy bright eyes,  
The cheeks possess the rose's dyes,  
And—you must guess the rest.

The lips import sweet sense—and grace  
Marks every feature of the face ;—  
But I have one request,  
Think you no *other* form as fair,  
Some tyrian eyes, and auburn hair,  
And—you must guess the rest.

But does the likeness touch my heart,  
Do I receive love's sportive smart,  
And am I loving,—blest ?  
I grant the portrait merits love,  
But there's *another* face, *above*  
Whose charms,—O ! guess the rest.

M. T.

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 MYRA.

DARK was the night, the howling wind  
In pit'less horror blew ;  
The lightning's vivid flashes shone,  
And o'er yon black heath flew.

A mournful outcast stemm'd the gale,  
Bereft of every friend ;  
Her looks disorder'd, wild and pale ;  
While in loud shrieks she did bewail,  
Her fast approaching end :

'Twas disappointed love she moan'd;  
 While tears fell on her cheek,  
 For faithless Henry loud she groan'd  
 And sigh'd in accents deep.

Now the loud thunder's heavy peal  
 Impetuous roll'd around;  
 The rain in torrents on her fell,  
 And midnight darkness black as hell,  
 O'erspread the lonesome ground.

"O faithless man," she cry'd, "thy vows  
 "Were false as midnight air;  
 "Yet I forgive thee all my woes,  
 "And such may you ne'er share."

A louder clap of thunder broke,  
 Red lightning round her fir'd;  
 A chilly dampness rent her cloak,  
 With night's corroding dews she shook;  
 And on the heath expired!

M. T.

## RELIGIOUS COMFORT.

"COME unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

"For,

"My yoke is easy, and my burden light."

Such was the language of a Saviour, when he invited man to repentance and happiness; it was interesting and consoling, it was calculated to emancipate him from the chains of sin, and invest him only with the mild restraints of religion, of virtue; it was calculated to excite endeavour by inspiring hope, and to make him happy by inducing him to be good.

## PHILANTHROPY.

AMID the various feelings and passions which pervade the human breast, there is none so completely disinterested, or so productive of internal content as the undisguised spirit of philanthropy. Like mercy it is twice blessed; it *blesses* him who *giveth* and him who *receiveth*.—Thus productive, even in a temporal point of view, is it not strange



that the dispositions (contracted by habit) of any should be barred against its admission. The world at large, Jew, Heathen, or Christian, is, in the eye of the Great "I AM," but one family; yet some in opposition to, and in open rebellion against this divine tenet of our Creator, presume to cherish the poisonous seeds of prejudice, and unblushingly declare none but themselves, or those born under the same climate, are or can be equally virtuous. That a parent should be more particularly attached to the offspring of his immediate house than to the children of the world at large is but natural; yet should he not close his eyes against the personal or mental accomplishments or acquisitions of his neighbours, but be willing to admit that earthly perfection rests not with himself or family alone, but is like the air we breathe, diffused through Nature's works. We find it with the Hottentot, the Arab, the European, and the savage of America. Then let us, for the sake of virtue, cherish the harmonious, the heavenly seeds of philanthropy—Let us, stript of prejudice (the bane of happiness,) value worth, where it is found, whether in a forest, or at the foot, or in the breasts of monarchs. This emanation from the glory of our God, philanthropy, will enable us to fulfil with delight his sacred mandate, "Do unto others, as you would they should do unto you."

## SELF-COMPLACENCY.

THERE is a kind of self-complacency which arises solely from excessive self-conceit. A person under the influence of this foible imagines every thing which he says or does excellent, and every thing that belongs to him superior to the very same thing in the possession of his neighbour. According to the common adage, his geese are all swans. This quality renders a man completely ridiculous, and is indeed utterly inconsistent with good sense and the obvious suggestions of common experience.

But there is also another kind of self-complacency, which is founded on solid and virtuous principles, and is the cause of one of the most substantial satisfactions which human nature can enjoy. I mean to enumerate a few of the means which have a natural tendency to produce it.

## CHRISTIAN PIETY.

THE offices of christian piety are attended with pleasures of a species no less durable than exalted. It was this which induced Erasmus to declare in a serious sense, that there are no greater *epicures* than *pious christians*. What can contribute more to pleasure than the consequence of piety, the calm serenity of reliance and resignation?

To please one's-self, such is the happy constitution of things, nothing contributes more effectually than the *communication of innocent pleasure to others*. I say innocent pleasure; for it is the nature of guilt to add a bitter infusion to the sweetest cup of human delight.

## CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

*Acts of pure christian charity*, unmixed with ostentation, leave a relish behind them which few gratifications equal or resemble. I have no doubt but that the internal sensations of a truly charitable man, after having unostentatiously relieved a person in great and urgent distress, are more pleasurable than those of the most celebrated conqueror: and I imagine the good Samaritan and Mr. Hanway enjoyed greater delight than was usually experienced by Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Charles the Twelfth, Frederick King of Prussia, or Bonaparte. The blood seems to run more smoothly in its channels after a benevolent action; so that the delight of it, while perfectly pure, may at the same time be denominated a sensual pleasure. It is a delight also which may be recalled at will, and it affords peculiar solace under sickness and affliction.

As the state of man is progressive, Providence has been pleased to ordain that the steps of his *improvement* should be attended with complacency. Whether the improvement is moral or mental, the pleasure is great which accompanies it. A man feels himself rising in value by every new acquisition of good qualities. To be advancing more and more, by daily approaches, to attainable perfection, is a state so pleasant, that it may be said to resemble the ascent up a beautiful hill, where the prospect over variegated meadows, meandering streams, forests, distant roofs and spires, become at every step more delightful.

## INDUSTRY.

*Industry*, in laudable pursuits, is a never-failing source of internal satisfaction. It causes a pleasing succession of ideas, by bringing new objects, or a change of circumstances, continually in view. And if it is conversant with matters of importance, and attended with success, there is no state so happy as that of an industrious man in the exercise of his skill and abilities.

## PASSIONS.

*To have subdued an irregular or excessive passion*, and to have resisted a mean, a vicious, a degrading inclination, affords a pleasing consciousness of virtuous resolution; a sensation so agreeable and flattering, as could not have been equalled by indulgence or compliance with it; and



has this additional advantage, that it is not followed by pain, remorse, or any consequences which can occasion shame or sorrow. On the contrary, after the gratification of vice or irregularity, a man feels himself little and low; he despises himself, and recovers not his happiness till, by contrition or amendment, he regains a due degree of self esteem.

## BAD MEN.

*No bad man, says the heathen poet, is a happy man. Nemo malus Felix.\** He is perhaps for ever in pursuit of enjoyment; but he feels agitations and anxieties that detract much from his pleasures; and his reflections upon them, and their consequences to himself, his family, and many others, become, at least in the solitary hours of dejection, ill health, or of night alone, extremely uneasy. So that it is not merely the declamation of a preacher, but the decision of experience arising from actual fact, which pronounces that a good conscience is necessary to the true enjoyment of life.

## A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

No man can have a conscience perfectly void of offence; but whoever has violated it reluctantly, and repented as often as he has transgressed, may be said to have a good conscience; and a treasure it is more to be desired than the golden stores continually brought from the East, by men, whom Providence suffers to become enormously rich, to shew that enormous riches are no decisive marks of its peculiar favor.

How sweet the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day without condemning himself! A *good conscience* is the finest opiate. The *materia medica* cannot supply one half so efficacious and pleasant; and all the nabobs together, if they were to unite their fortunes in contribution, could not purchase a similar one.

## GOOD HEALTH.

*Good health*, preserved by temperance and regularity, gives a sweetness to life, a pleasantness of feeling, which no civil honors or secular prosperity can bestow.

## PRUDENTIAL ECONOMY.

*Prudential economy* in the management of expenses, and the confining of them to the certain income, so as not to be incumbered with debt, or distressed by the invention of ways and means to raise supplies for the

\* *Juvenal.*

current year, exempt from ten thousand painful solitudes, and give an ease and calmness of spirits unknown to the most opulent who possess not this caution; a caution equally required by prudence and common honesty. To see, in consequence of it, a family rising to independence, not likely to be exposed to the scorn and ill usage of the world, affords a comfort more satisfactory than the fugacious pleasures of ostentatious extravagance.

## SELF ESTEEM.

Self esteem founded on rational principles, is one of the first requisites to a happy life; and to the honor of virtue and religion, let it be remarked, that it is attainable only by a benevolent, a wise, a prudent conduct. Men who, by early education, by happily falling among good examples, by reading good books, and by forming good habits in consequence of all these advantages, conduct themselves in all things with reason, with moderation, and with kindness;—these are they, who, after all the pretensions of voluptuousness, enjoy the most of this world; for their happiness flows like a gentle stream uninterrupted in its course, uniform and constant, while that of others is like a torrent, which dashes from rock to rock, all foam, all noise for a little while, till it is lost in the ocean, or wasted away by its own violence. It is destructive of others, destructive of itself, and too turbulent to admit of pure tranquillity.

Let those who have wandered in pursuits which themselves are ready to acknowledge delusive and unsatisfactory, resolve, by way of experiment, to try whether the pleasure of that self-esteem which arises from rectitude of conduct, is not the most pleasing possession which the world affords; whether it does not promote a constant cheerfulness and gaiety of heart, which renders life a continual feast. The path of duty, comparatively speaking, is strewn with flowers and sweetened with fragrance. To the timid, the slothful, and ill-disposed, the first entrance may appear to be closed with briars; but he who has courage to break through the difficulties raised by his own imagination, will find himself in as pleasant a walk as is to be found beneath the moon. But I will not draw a deceitful picture with the colours of rhetoric. Much uneasiness and some sorrow must be the lot of every man in his present state; I only contend that the pleasantness of wisdom and virtue is not fictitious, and that he who faithfully adheres to them will, upon the whole, enjoy all the delight of which his nature and his situation render him capable.

## SELFISHNESS.

Many philosophers maintain that selfishness is the spring of all our activity. Whether their system is well founded or not, it is certain



that in pursuit of the pleasure of rational self-esteem, we may be as selfish as we please without incurring the disgrace of meanness ; for to the indulgence of this kind of selfishness it is necessary to cultivate every thing liberal, generous, useful, amiable. The pleasure arising from it is not unsocial, though it centres in self ; for it is not to be enjoyed but by promoting the good of society. The pleasure is the first reward which Providence has vouchsafed to assign to the honest efforts of humble virtue, a reward infinitely disproportionate to that reserved for it in a better state, but still of a pure, of a celestial nature, and great enough to excite the most ardent efforts in its acquisition.

What happiness can subsist without this essential ingredient, self-complacency ? External circumstances are of no value without it. The gold loses its lustre, and the purple its glossy dye, without it. Titles, rank, power, property, the grand idols of a prostrate world, are deceitful and empty whenever the delicious tranquillity of a mind soothed to rational complacency is a stranger to the bosom.

There is this additional advantage in being pleased with one's self, on solid reasons, that it puts one in good humour with the world. All nature seems to smile with us ; and our hearts, dilating with conscious virtue and benevolence, feel a new delight in the communication of happiness.

#### EXCESSIVE SENSIBILITY.

BELINDA was always remarkably fond of pathetic novels, tragedies, and elegies. Sterne's sentimental beauties were her peculiar favourites. She had indeed contracted so great a tenderness of sensibility from such reading, that she often carried the amiable weakness into common life, and would weep and sigh as if her heart were breaking at occurrences which others, by no means deficient in humanity, viewed with indifference. She could not bear the idea of killing animals for food. She detested the sports of fishing and hunting, because of their ineffable cruelty. She was ready to faint if her coachman whipt his horses when they would not draw up hill ; and she actually fell down in a fit on a gentleman's treading on her favorite cat's tail as he eagerly stooped to save her child from falling into the fire.

Being rather of a romantic turn, she would frequently utter sentimental soliloquies on benevolence and humanity ; and when any catastrophe of a pathetic nature occurred, she generally gave vent to her feelings by writing a lamentation. I procured from one of her friends the following piece with liberty to present it to the public eye.—Belinda, it seems, was at her toilette, adorning her tresses, when an animalcule of no great repute in the world, and who often obtrudes where he is not welcome,

fell from her beautiful tresses on her neck. In the first emotions of her surprise and anger she seized the little wretch, and crushed it between her nails, till it expired with a sound

ΔΟΥΤΗΣΕΝ δ' ἑ ΠΕΤΩΝ,

as Homer expresses the exit of his heroes.

—The noise and the sight of the viscera soon recalled her sensibility, and she thus expressed it :

“Thou poor partaker of vitality, farewell. Life undoubtedly was sweet to thee, and I have hastily deprived thee of it. But surely the world was wide enough for thee and me. And it was ungenerous to murder one who sought an asylum under my fostering protection.

“Because thou art minute we are inclined to suppose thee insensible. But doubtless thou hadst nerves and delicate sensations proportioned to the fineness of thy organs. Perhaps thou hadst a partner of thine affections and a numerous progeny, whom thou sawest rising to maturity with parental delight, and who are now left destitute of a protector in their helpless infancy.

“Thy pain is indeed at an end ; but I cannot help deploring the unfeeling cruelty of those who deprive the smallest reptile, to whom nature has given breath, of that life which, though it appears contemptible in the eyes of the thoughtless, yet is sweet to the meanest animal—*was* sweet to thee, thou poor departed animalcule ! Alas, that I must now say *was sweet* to thee ! Did I possess the power of resuscitation I would reanimate thy lifeless corpse, and cherish thee in the warmest corner of thy favourite dwelling place —But adieu forever ; for my wish is in vain. Yet if thy shade is still conscious, and hovers over the head it once inhabited, pardon a hasty act of violence, which I endeavor to expiate with the tear of sympathy and the sigh of sensibility.”

Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

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No. 3.

#### VEGETABLE ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

THE cellular integument lies immediately beneath the cuticle, and generally exhibits a deep green colour. It is very tender and succulent. It extends over every part of the plant, and consists of vesicles, utricles, and filaments, delicate in their texture, but very numerous, which cross each other, in all directions, and are so close together as to form a continued coating.



This substance is very conspicuous in the elder, (16) especially at the time of sap. It is called cellular envelope by Du Hamel, parenchyma by Grew, by Mirbel it is called herbaceous tissue as distinguished from parenchyma, by which last he means that part of the cellular tissue, which is continued into the layers of the bark.

The cellular integument may be considered as the organ which separates the matter of transpiration, and which serves to repair the cuticle, and to prevent the drying of the parts, which it covers. It is among the glands of this integument that digestion appears to be performed. The colouring matter of vegetables is here developed; the light which penetrates the cuticle concurs in enlivening the colour; here, likewise, oils and resin are found, and lastly it is from this that those various products of the organization are thrown off, which may be considered as the excrements of the vegetable digestion.

The authors referred to in No. 1, have treated so copiously of the cellular integument, as to render unnecessary any thing that we could add to what we have already written.

(16) *Sambucus Nigra*.

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#### TRASK.

TRASK was formerly well known in Boston as a drill officer. Such as were under his tuition have never forgotten his lessons. The passage being narrow for four abreast or a less number, or obstructed, the order was, Double your files, or, Single file. When marching with locked arms, rather than wait for the passage to widen of itself, the above command was commonly given—and my comrades generally had the good fortune to get safe along without bowing to a cellar door, or jostling a lady off the side walk.

Seeing some hints in your 19th number to foot passengers in our streets, it struck me that they were well meant if not wholly practicable, and I have accordingly since endeavoured to observe them in my walks—my memory, however, does not always serve me, and I frequently find myself on the wrong side of the way, but immediately pass over to the other, I cannot say notwithstanding, that at present the common consent is obtained which our friend —O— contemplated; a small amendment, however, is I think apparent, we may therefore hope for more, and in the end some sort of system in our marches and countermarches. A recent and very pleasant occurrence must be recorded. Three young well dressed gentlemen were walking abreast with locked arms, on the side to which they were entitled, according to —O—;

meeting a lady, they soon took close order and obliqued a little to the left, giving her the wall, and thus shewed much politeness without any inconvenience to themselves, or obliging the lady to step off of the edge stone into the gutter. It was no small satisfaction to notice that the return for this unusual civility was a courtesy. The blushing damsel, as if resolved never to be caught so again, passed to the other side. Of the young men, I said, Trask must have drilled your fathers.

April 13.

S.

(From the Chronicle, April 19—Anticipation.)

#### THEATRE—MR. MORSE'S BENEFIT.

WE are happy to see announced for this evening's entertainment and for the benefit of Mr. MORSE, Shakespear's justly celebrated tragedy of *LEAR*, the part of Lear by Mr. FENNELL. Mr. Morse's selection this evening for the entertainment of the public could not have been more happy. Mr. Fennell's *LEAR* ranks among the best dramatic efforts of this accomplished and veteran performer; and Mrs. Darley's *CORDELIA* is unrivalled in America.

It is also understood, that Mr. Morse will recite the celebrated *Monody* of Robert Treat Paine, Jr. Esqr. on the death of Sir JOHN MOORE. When we recollect the effect given by this gentleman to the "*PAINT KING*," we anticipate as much pleasure as we ever experienced from Mr. OGILVIE's best recitations.

With the proceeds of this benefit Mr. Morse hopes to visit the old world, with a view to pursue his studies in the histrionic art. If his own industry and the patronage of the public should be proportionate to his talents, fame will prepare for his reward an immortal amaranthine wreath.

PHILO-DRAMA.

(From the Boston Gazette—same date.)

#### MR. MORSE'S BENEFIT.

WE understand that this gentleman intends to visit England, for the purpose of professional improvement; and, as the peculiar characteristic of his acting is a fine and well executed discrimination, we have no doubt he will return from his European tour with such honours as will gratify our national pride. He has undertaken, this evening, a task of high ambition, by performing the arduous character of *Edgar*, and reciting Mr. PAINE's *Monody* on the death of *Sir John Moore*. This poem is placed, by the best criticks who have seen it, among the best works of Mr. PAINE—who has arranged its imagery and its pathos in that judicious gradation, which is seldom observed in the more lofty



and impassioned effusions of the bard. Mr. MORSE has given us proof that his elocution is equal to the highest flights of passion and of poetry ; and we anticipate a truly classic repast. We also hope that the receipts of the house will "*raise the wind*" to waft him across the Atlantick.

## OBSERVATIONS.

WE have selected the above remarks from two of our daily papers, for the purpose of examining to the satisfaction of our readers, how the event corresponded with the anticipation of the one, or justified the observations of the other.

A writer in the *Mirror* a few weeks since observed something respecting our aptitude in discovering puffs *collateral* ; we hesitate not in declaring the former of the above extracts a puff direct, and a puff directly *wrong*. Setting aside all considerations but those respecting Mr. Morse, the writer observes, in the first place, that "Mr. Morse's selection this evening for the entertainment of the public could not have been more happy." We think that for the entertainment of the *public* he could not have been more *unhappy* in selecting this tragedy—it had been performed so often, that it had lost all claim to novelty, and it is well known that novelty in person, exhibition, or principle, constitutes the chief excitement of public attention. The entertainments offered this evening were not calculated to attract the public, nor do we believe that the expectation of making money was Mr. Morse's primary object—but we think that Mr. Morse *obtained* his primary object ; his ambition had led him to attempt one of the most arduous characters of the drama—and his industry and his talents proved to the judicious few that his ambition was not erected on a weak foundation ; but we have too high an opinion of Mr. Morse's sense to suppose that he relied on the pecuniary proceeds of a benefit (so called) to enable him to visit the old world ; his talents and requisites, industriously cultivated, will ensure him success, and it will not be to the English public a repulsive introduction, when they are told he is an American.

We are not in the secrets of the cabinet, but we presume that the exertions of this evening, produced to Mr. Morse nothing—but fame.

It is no office of friendship to praise indiscriminately ; the difficulties incurred by the personation of Mad Tom we believe we have seen surmounted with more ease and better effect ; and in this part of the arduous undertaking, we think Mr. Morse, must yield the palm to Mr. Caulfield and Mr. Mills : in the natural character of Edgar, Mr. Morse excelled.

## MONODY.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown,  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,  
 She brought an angel down.

During the recitation of the monody we knew not which the more to admire, the author or the orator; indeed we almost fancied that we beheld both in one. We are near the close of our weekly labour, and can say but little; we shall therefore only observe, that we think Mr. Morse in the first instance, highly indebted to Mr. Paine for the opportunity this admirable Monody afforded him of exhibiting the noblest of his talents; and in the next, that Mr. Paine having thought proper hitherto to withhold it from the press, could not have more excited an increased desire of the admirers of sterling poetry to witness it in print, than by committing his fame to the oratorical powers and discriminating sense of Mr. Morse.

*Communication.*

## THEATRE—BLIND BOY.

To deny that there is a considerable interest excited in an Audience witnessing a representation of this piece would be a paradox in truth, and an act of injustice to the dramatic effusions of the author; nay we further think, though we cannot approve of his management of the characters introduced, in toto, that with equal materials he could produce upon a second trial a structure more equally poised in effect, and consequently more creative of continued approbation. The last scene of this Melo Drama from the power of incidents and situation touched our feelings with electric force and drew from our ready hands the warmest attestations of the mind's approval.—Yet is the means of this wished for toute ensemble so laboriously prolonged that our theatric fancy was almost drowsied before its expectation was realized.

## NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR,—A reader of your valuable paper wishes to ask, if that specimen of walking the rope, as was exhibited in Charleston on Saturday last, has a tendency to promote in the minds of youth any advantage, or whether such odious practices will not mislead them to "commit folly by choice," that they may obtain the applause of fools.

Boston, 16 April, 1810.

Yours, &c.

A PARENT.

WE are sorry we are obliged to omit what we had prepared in justice to Mrs. Claude, on her performance of the Romp, which was indeed excellent. This is brief but deserved praise.